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PRESENT CONDITION OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

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It is the purpose of this article to give a cursory view of the present condition of the religious world. Never has that condition been more interesting, since the birth of the Founder of our faith. The last fifty years have been most fruitful in important changes, and the next half century promises to be no less so. The world seems to be on the eve of great events; not those of bloody revolutions, wars and conquests, but of great, rapid and beneficial alterations in the physical, moral and religious condition of the integral parts of the universal family of man. New prospects are opening for the spread of the faith and institutions of Christianity. The angel may now be seen flying in mid heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to all nations and kindreds and tongues, so quickly may the Word of life be sent to the remotest quarters of the globe.

In speaking of the religious condition of the world, we of course speak of all mankind so far as they are known to us, for man is a religious being by nature, and he always has a religion, as much when he worships stocks and stones, as when he adores the only living and true God. We begin, then, with Idolatry. Still a majority of the human race are idolaters. Strange and mysterious as it may seem, the great Father of mankind still permits more than half his children to pass through their earthly probation in utter ignorance of himself. The millions of Africa are still idolaters of the grossest kind. The millions

of Asia have not advanced far beyond them, and they are more enlightened, it would seem, in some cases, only to be more superstitious. Africa, the birth-place of the arts and sciences, seems to present the aspect of a more uniform and benighted barbarism than it ever has since the commencement of the written records of our race. Three centuries after the Christian era, its whole northern coast was essentially Christian. Four of the most learned and accomplished of the fathers of the Christian Church, whose writings have been most influential in forming the opinions of the Christian world, were natives of Africa, Origen, Tertullian, Cyprian and Augustine. Now, the whole continent is missionary ground. The cities, where these great men lived and taught, are ruins. The churches, to which they ministered, are extinct. That coast is now being colonized by Christians, which was once filled with churches; and Egypt, the mother of the arts, is now in the process of redemption from barbarism. This is not the worst. Nominally Christian nations are yearly selling thousands of the benighted children of Africa into hopeless slavery! When we cast our eyes over that vast continent, and consider how almost inaccessible are its interior regions to the other races of mankind, and reflect how stagnant is the condition of her swarming millions, we are disposed to turn to heaven an inquiring eye, and say, "O Lord, how long?"

The inhabitants of Asia too, are mostly idolaters. The three hundred millions of China know no other religion, and high officers of state, within a few years, have been seen to pick up pebbles in the streets and pay them religious worship. And this is not because the Chinese are an illiterate people. Far from it. Books, and the ability to read, are almost universal, quite as much so as among the most polished nations of Europe. But there seems to be a limit to civilization under the influence of idolatry, which is soon reached, and then mankind become stationary. The highest state of earthly perfection cannot be attained without the full development of the moral and religious faculties of man. Under the influence of idolatry, that development never can take place. As well might the vegetable world come to perfection without the light and heat of the sun, as society reach its most perfect development without the knowledge of the true God. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." The knowledge of the true God is the highest spiritual force which can operate upon the mind and character. The perpetual presence of a Being of all possible perfections, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, yet who weigheth in the balances of justice every act, thought and emotion, will purify the soul, if any thing can do it. But by every species of idolatry, this grand idea is lost. He who wor-

ships an image, degrades, not only his Creator, but himself. He substitutes, in the place of the All-perfect, the poor creature of his own imagination, and his whole intellectual being sinks into weakness and superstition.

After continuing, for thousands of years, cut off from all free communication with the rest of the world, and of course inaccessible to Christianity, this immense monarchy is, at length, in our day, relaxing somewhat of her ancient restrictions, and mingling more freely with other races of mankind. However we may lament the violent means by which this result has been brought about, we cannot but rejoice in the event itself, so auspicious to the spread of that true faith, which is the only salvation of man.

There is said, likewise, to be, in India, a great falling off in the devotion of the people to idolatry. We are told, that without any direct effort on the part of the Europeans who are settled among them, there is an evident decrease of the throngs which once resorted, at their periodical festivals, to the great idol temples of the East. The authority of their deep-seated superstitions is becoming shaken. The number is increasing of those who suspect their religious forms and dogmas to be a mass of superstitions and absurdities. The direct influence of missionary labors among them has not as yet been great. Indeed, the dense population of the oriental world is almost impenetrable to the influences of Christianity. Their religion, or superstition, as it ought rather to be called, is imbedded in the very structure of their languages, it is incorporated into their institutions, it is associated with all their habits of thought and action, and any change seems to involve, not only a reform, but the creation, as it were, of the whole man anew. There too, Christianity labors under the disadvantage of being the religion of invaders and plunderers. The meek doctrines of the cross cannot but be associated, in the mind of the poor Hindoo, with the bayonet of the soldier, who has crushed his national independence, and who must be paid for the wrong out of the hard earnings of his poverty. What he knows of the faith of Jesus of Nazareth is chiefly through successive swarms of needy adventurers, who come to gather and devour the wealth of India. In the language of Burke, in the British parliament, "Their prey is lodged in England, and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about in every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean." And he says, that that most Christian nation, which is zealously evangelizing the world, and wiping her mouth in holy abhorrence of slavery in America, receives into the bosom of her best society, those who "have torn the cloth from the loom, or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from

the peasant of Bengal, or wrong from him the very opium, in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor." That the Hindoo, though he may be ready to despise and forsake his own idolatry, should be slow to adopt the religion of his masters, is not at all a matter of astonishment.

Christianity is there, as it is every where else, most impeded by the unchristian conduct of Christians themselves, and what is most wanted for the renovation of the world, is the conversion to real Christianity of Christendom itself. When the Church herself shall arise and shine, then will the gentiles come to her light.

On this western continent, Paganism is fast disappearing, not indeed before the Bible and the missionary, but before the musket of the soldier, and the merciless, unscrupulous cupidity of a more civilized people. But, strange as it may seem, in the providence of God, the mild institutions of Christianity soon succeed to the bloody scenes of border warfare, when both the Indian and his no less savage antagonist have gone to their last account.

Next, in the order of time, come God's ancient people, the Jews. They were the pioneers of true religion, the first to break the uniformity of universal idolatry; and to them the world must confess itself indebted for whatever knowledge it now possesses of the Supreme Being. Their persecution has been among the most wonderful phenomena of all time. Their fidelity to their laws and institutions, through eighteen centuries of dispersion and exile, bears testimony to the reality of those miraculous interpositions, by which they were first made a distinct and peculiar people. But reverence, with them, has passed over to superstition, and, while it has kept them loyal to their faith, has prevented their intellectual and social improvement. They persist, wherever they are, in conducting their services in the Hebrew tongue, which, whatever efforts they may make to preserve it, is essentially a dead language. They do not seem to reflect, that God is worshipped, not with words and forms, but with the understanding and the heart, with thoughts and feelings. If the words of a liturgy are unintelligible, and fail to excite ideas and emotions, then they fail of their purpose, to aid devotion. They do not help, they hinder, the access of the soul to God. The means are made more important than the end, and reverence, meant for the Supreme Being, stops short in the medium through which that reverence is expressed. The consequence is, an entire failure of their synagogue services to interest, to enlighten and edify an intellectual age. It is one of those antiquated fixtures, which being left entirely in the rear in the progress of mankind, serve only to remind the world what it once was, and how far it has advanced. As a further clog to the moral influence of Judaism, are the traditions,

which, even in the days of the Saviour, had overshadowed and nullified the sacred text. But the ancient church of God seems itself to be on the eve of great changes. There is a strong movement in Europe to reform and improve the administration of the Jewish religion. About one third of that people are in favor of substituting the vernacular, for the Hebrew tongue, in their public worship, of repudiating the traditions, and hearing preaching of a more intellectual order in a language that the common people can understand. This, of itself, will put a new face upon the whole religion, and give it a deeper power over the mind and character.

But the most interesting feature in the present condition of the Jews, is the possibility which is each day developing, of a return to their native seats. The Roman empire, which overturned and scattered the Jewish nation, was immediately succeeded by the wild followers of the Arabian impostor, and they have been ever since in possession of the Holy Land. Once indeed, for a short season, the city of the holy sepulchre was won from the grasp of its barbaric invaders, by the valor and enthusiasm of Christian Europe. It soon, however, relapsed into the power of the Mussulman; the spot where Solomon's temple stood, and where our Saviour taught, has for centuries been occupied by a Mohammedan mosque, and no Jew or Christian been knowingly permitted to tread its sacred precincts. Thousands of pious Jews annually approach and view the consecrated mount afar off, and weep for the afflictions of the scattered, persecuted people of the Lord. Now, the Ottoman empire is dismembered, its fragments are weak, and the whole structure seems tottering to its fall. It will soon be in the power of the monarchies of Europe to say to the scattered tribes: "Return to the home of your fathers. Gather together the outcasts of Israel. Build again the city of David. Fulfil the word, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets, and vindicate the claims at once of religion and revelation."

Next to Paganism, in point of numbers, is thought to rank the Mohammedan faith. Many pious men have thought the spread of this faith to be the greatest mystery in God's providential government of the world. It has not only spread wider than Christianity, and embraced a larger proportion of the human race, but has supplanted Christianity, in some of the fairest portions of the globe. Once the shores of the Mediterranean, rich and populous as they have ever been, were Christian, from the deserts of Arabia to the Atlantic ocean. In the lapse of a few centuries, with the exception of Venice, Italy and France, they became Mohammedan, and the fate of Christianity itself seems to have hung, at one moment, suspended on the issue of a single battle.

This supplanting of Christianity by Mohammedanism, is unquestionably, one of the greatest mysteries in divine Providence. But the conquests, which the followers of the prophet of Mecca were permitted to make in Pagan lands, admit of an easy solution. Mohammedanism was a vast advance upon idolatry. The unity and spirituality of the divine Being is a cardinal point in the faith of man. It constitutes almost the whole substance of the reform of the Mosaic dispensation, which it required fifteen centuries thoroughly to establish. The battle-ery of the armies which rallied under this outcast, was more significant than the world generally supposes. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Never was a more important truth combined with a grosser falsehood, in a single sentence. It carried rebuke even to the hosts with which they contended, under the banner of the cross. The fundamental dogma of Christendom as to the Divine nature was, at that time, almost as great a violation of first principles as the motto of its Moslem adversaries. The Mohammedan faith, though propagated by the sword, did produce a moral change for the better, in those whom it redeemed from gross idolatry. Travellers tell us that there is a marked difference between Mohammedan and Pagan countries, in favor of the followers of the prophet. The Landers, when they penetrated the southwestern regions of Africa, report, that they found it a real refreshment, to meet a Mohammedan in those barbarous wilds. They were certain, they assure us, of finding an intelligence, a refinement and a humanity, which among surrounding idolaters were wholly unknown.

But however powerful and threatening Mohammedanism may at one period have been, it has been long upon the wane. The sceptre has departed from it, and it no longer sways the destinies of the world. It has been from the beginning, a religion of oppression and plunder, and in the course of ages, it must necessarily exhaust its prey, and perish for want of something to devour. Discovery and colonization, the modern means of expansion, fell to the lot of the Christians, and this circumstance alone was enough to change the balance of power. Whatever was the mission of Mohammedanism, that mission was a limited and a temporary one. It contains in itself the seeds of its own destruction. It early took the sword, and, according to the saying of him, whose word cannot pass away, it must perish by the sword. Destitute of true vitality, it must gradually wither away.

[To be concluded]

THE FIRST CALLED.

Groups of old and young were clustered about the borders of the beautiful lake of Galilee, gazing with a blended feeling of rapture and repose upon its unruffled surface, bathed as it was in the last rays of the setting sun. The fishermen who had been out during the day, were just returned from their toil, and, having fastened their boats, they hastened to their wives and children, who had come down to meet them. Many a fire was kindled, and many a family collected around the simple fare of fish laid upon the coals, with a piece of dry bread, and water from the pure lake to moisten the primitive repast. There were still two small vessels near the shore, the tenants seeming to have no wish to land. In one were two young men who were endeavoring apparently, to atone for an unsuccessful day; for there was an air of chagrin and vexation as they drew up their empty nets, and then cast them again into the water. In the other bark were seated an old man busily engaged in repairing his nets, and two young men, evidently his sons, whose work rested at their feet, while they seemed absorbed in deep thought caused by the scene upon which they gazed. After a long silence the eldest dipped his hand into the clear water, and bathed his face and head. "Is it not strange," he said, "my brother, that notwithstanding the heat of the day, and the burning rays of the sun, this water retains its icy coldness? It is unnatural, aye, even painful to me; it is like the heart which is never susceptible to gratitude or the warmer feelings, but remains wrapped in the chilling mantle of selfishness."

"You speak well and truly," said the younger of the two, raising his mild blue eye to his brother's face, with a look of ineffable sweetness: "It is like the history of our stiff-necked race, who have ever been cold and ungrateful to the God who has guarded us and kept us for his own. Even so do these chill waves refuse to imbibe the warm rays which the God of day sheds upon them; and now, even now, when the time for our promised Messiah to appear has come, how insensible we are! James," continued he, looking with yet more earnestness upon his brother's face, "does not your heart glow within you when you hear the rumors of the son of Joseph who was so lately baptized by the new Isaiah? Did you hear of the dove descending upon his head, and the voice from heaven? I have pondered upon it, and upon the confession of the Baptist, that this was one 'the latchet of whose shoes he was unworthy to unloose,' till, could I see that sacred form again, I would follow, through life or death."

"Aye, I too have thought much of these circumstances, and had the wonderful baptism been followed by aught else I should have felt it was indeed our Messiah who had come. But nothing since has been heard from him; it is now more than forty days since he was seen on the borders of the Jordan, and I can only imagine the dove and voice to have been a device for attracting attention."

"Oh, say not so, my brother; I went last night to the house of Mary, the wife of Joseph, and she told me of the birth of this wonderful being. She showed me the gifts given by the Magi, which she has carefully preserved; and surely, it must have been a prophet at least, whose advent was heralded by a meteor so brilliant as to attract the wise men from afar to pay homage to his natal day. His mother was in grief and sorrow at his mysterious absence, but her trust in him never wavers; she feels she is blessed among women, and that the power of her Heavenly Father will be manifest in the son of her love. Oh that he would only prove himself our Saviour, and come and place himself at the head of the people of Israel, and lead them against our heathenish enslavers, who grind us to the earth with their armies and their taxes!" A flash of anger passed over the young man's face, for a moment displacing the usually benignant expression. Such a feeling seemed at war with his natural disposition, and much more consonant with that of his brother, who, although amiable, was impetuous, and more unrestrained in the expression of his passing feelings. They were both full of holy enthusiasm and high purposes, but the spirit of the younger was gentle, and the energy of his character was not manifest till developed in after years by the most trying circumstances. The father had not joined in the conversation, remaining apparently absorbed in his occupation, but he now raised his eyes, and catching the saddened expression of his favorite son, and the more impatient one of James, the elder brother, he said, "Why, my children, will you not be content with the present? What is the oppression of the Roman to you? You are but poor fishermen, and poor fishermen you would still be were Judea free. In God's own time will the Deliverer come; let us learn to be content and wait his pleasure. This subject has so engrossed you, you have neglected your work, and I fear the nets will not be sufficiently repaired to give us good success on the morrow; and you must remember that your mother's comfort depends upon our exertions."

The young men, thus rebuked for their idleness, resumed the netting which was at their feet, and began assiduously to repair it, each one engaged in his own thoughts. They were silent for some time, till the younger one, John, having completed his task, turned once more to gaze upon the scene around him. He looked long upon the town of Tiberias,

which was upon the western border of the lake ; and a beautiful sight it was, indeed, for the eye to rest upon. It was now in its pride, and ranked next to Jerusalem in the estimation of the Jews. As he looked, a band of Roman soldiers came forth from its gates to enjoy the delicious twilight on the shore of the lake. John turned away with a heart-felt sigh, and his eye encountered their companions' boat, which was at some distance from them. He saw they had cast aside their fishing apparatus, and were earnestly conversing with some one on the shore. The appearance of this person instantly arrested him.

"It is he, it is he, it is the Master," he exclaimed ; "look, James, he is speaking to Andrew and Peter ; and see, they leap on shore to follow him. They have left their boat, and all for him. Let us put in to the shore ; oh that I could but hear him speak ! that he would but bid me be his follower !"

"My son, my son," said the father, his lip quivering with agitation, "wouldst thou leave me ? It may not be ; I am old, and need thee ; thou must not go ; I should be like Israel mourning for his lost Joseph. And thy mother ! think of her, and be content to remain with us. And you, too, James, I cannot part with you. Do not be grieved that I spake so warmly to thy brother ; he is the youngest and tenderest plant ; we must needs care for him."

During this short colloquy they had drawn near the shore, though the young men, yielding to their father's entreaties, had given up the thought of following Jesus of Nazareth, whom they had just seen exercising such an influence over their friends as to draw them from an employment to which they were much attached, and on which they depended for the support of their families. They were not so much surprised to see Peter led away ; for he was ardent, impetuous and impulsive ; but Andrew was prudent and cautious, and they knew no common influence would call him from the path he was pursuing. The young men were delighted to see the three, followed by many others, approaching the place where they were still in their little vessel. Their hearts beat quick within them, and all they had heard of this wonderful being who was now approaching them, came rushing to their minds, producing a thousand contending emotions. As he approached, they cast down their eyes, not daring to look upon one who seemed so hallowed. So confused were they, they hardly knew of his actual presence till the words, "Follow me !" uttered in tones that went to the heart, thrilling it and awakening love and admiration, fell on their ears. They looked up to assure themselves the command was intended for them. One glance at the benignant countenance which was beaming upon them was sufficient. They cast down their nets, and, putting on

their coats, prepared to step on shore. They turned to give one farewell word to their father. He too had felt the sacred influence of that look and voice; he was awe-struck and subdued; they were to meet no further opposition from him.

"Go, my children; obey the divine mandate. God has called you, and, poor fishermen though ye be, you have a glorious work before you. Your father blesses you, and consecrates your lives to your country and your Messiah. And when God has given freedom to Israel, shall your name be honored as assistants in the great work!"

The young men bent their heads to receive his blessing, and then hastened to follow the footsteps of their Lord. And often, in after life, when age and suffering had dimmed his eye and bent his frame, did the beloved disciple, the gentle John, tell to those collected around him listening to his instructions, the story of this beautiful evening on the lake of Galilee, rendered sacred to his mind and heart, by being the hour in which he first listened to the teachings of the Saviour of men.

T. D. F.

THE SPRING-TIME WILL RETURN.

I.

THE birds are mute — the bloom is fled —

Cold, cold the north winds blow;

The fragrant Summer lieth dead

Beneath a shroud of snow:

Sweet Summer! well may we regret

Thy brief, too brief sojourn;

But while we grieve, we'll not forget,

The spring-time will return.

II.

Dear friend! the hills rise bare and bleak,

That bound thy future years;

Cold frowns the sky — no golden streak,

No rainbow light appears:

Mischance has tracked thy fairest schemes,

To whelm, to wreck, to burn —

But wintry dark though Fortune seems,

The spring-time will return.

III.

Beloved one! where no sunbeams shine,
 Thy mortal frame we laid;
 But, oh! thy spirit's form divine
 Waits no sepulchral shade;
 No! by those hopes, which, plumed with light,
 The sod, exulting, spurn,
 Love's Paradise shall bloom more bright,—
 The spring-time will return!

E. S.

THE LESSON TAUGHT IN THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY REV. S. J. MAY.

THE principle inculcated in this parable is, I am persuaded, a much higher one than is generally supposed. All persons condemn the selfish conduct of the priest and Levite; all approve the disinterestedness of the Samaritan. Yet few seem to me to perceive how great his disinterestedness was; nor to attribute the inhumanity of those ministers of religion to the real cause. Not therefore discerning the true meaning of Jesus in this parable, many persons applaud the conduct of the Samaritan, who yet would probably not hesitate a moment to act as the priest and Levite did, in similar circumstances; nay, would even stoutly contend that they ought so to act, in obedience to what is flippantly called the first law of our nature—the *law of self-preservation*.

That region of country between Jerusalem and Jericho was notoriously infested by robbers; so much so that it was the dread of all travellers. One pass, in particular, was called the *Mountain of Blood*, and *The Bloody Road*, on account of the many murders committed there. Few ventured to go that way alone; and all who must needs go from Jerusalem to Jericho, endeavored to do so in companies, for mutual protection. When, therefore, any one was so unlucky as to be obliged to make that journey alone, it doubtless was with fear and trepidation that he hurried through.

From this view of the case, we may derive the true explanation of the selfish conduct of the priest and Levite. It is not to be supposed that they felt no compassion for the wounded, half-dead man. It is not in the human heart to be thus unfeeling towards a suffering fellow being,

unless impelled by some sudden, strong emotion. We call him inhuman, who shows no compassion to a person in distress. The natural impulse of common feeling, when a serious injury has befallen any one, is to flock about him, and proffer the needed aid. Men who do not ordinarily manifest any tenderness, will, when they see others in imminent peril or in extreme suffering, evince strong emotions of sympathy, and make noble exertions to rescue or to relieve. Go out into the street when you will, and if an accident befall any one, you shall see he will not want for help. It has been the joy of my heart to witness instances of prompt and generous succor given to suffering men, enough to vindicate forever the heart of humanity from the imputation of a natural hardness.

Now the priest and Levite were men; and under ordinary circumstances would, no doubt, have shown the humane feelings that are natural to men. But they were driven from the dying traveller by *that selfishness which fear too often awakens*. Seeing him in his sad condition, wounded and half dead, they were made alarmingly conscious of their own peril,—travelling as they were alone through the very place where he and many before him had met with such rough usage. Fear therefore became predominant in their bosoms. The wilderness was at once peopled with robbers; from every bush might start out an assassin; behind every tree there might be some one lurking with purposes of evil in his heart. Alarm took possession of their souls. They thought only of self-preservation, of escape from danger. Therefore it was that they fled from the sufferer, whom they would have been ready enough to aid, if they could have done so without hazard to themselves. This seems to me the true explanation of their misconduct. If it be not, they were less than men, they were moral monsters.

The benevolence of the Samaritan, it seems, was not so dependent on circumstances. It was in him a principle as well as a feeling. It dwelt in a heart that had become too steadfast in its adherence to the right, to be overborne by fear of those, "who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." At sight of the poor man, who had fallen among thieves, this good Samaritan thought only of giving the relief he needed. No apprehensions for his own safety could deter him from doing all in his power to comfort and save the sufferer. He was a fellow being—what difference should it make in such an emergency that he was a Jew? He was in a pitiful condition, unable to help himself, perhaps bleeding slowly to death,—what could a truly good man think of in such a case, but to do with his might what his hand found to do—to treat the sufferer as he himself would wish to be treated in the same sad circumstances? He did so. He bound up his wounds; put

him upon his own beast, and conducted him, as he could bear, (slowly no doubt) to a place of safety and repose. This the Samaritan did, although by so doing he must have prolonged his own exposure to similar usage at the hands of the ruffians.

Now, Jesus commends this as an example worthy of all imitation; and in so doing he reprove, it seems to me, most emphatically that fear, and all those excuses suggested by fear, which so often deter men from coming to the relief of suffering humanity. In so doing he repudiates the doctrine we so often hear announced, as if it were one of the immutable principles of right,—*that self-preservation is the first law of man's nature*. He inculcated a higher, nobler principle of action. He summons us to do whatever suffering humanity demands at our hands, let the inconvenience, the loss, the hazard to ourselves, be what it may. And in this does he do more than enjoin obedience to his own second great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"? I think not. If self-love should prompt men, as it often does, to risk their lives to avert from themselves any serious harm, obviously that love of fellow-men, which Jesus inculcates, should impel us to risk as much, ay even the loss of life, for the deliverance or the protection of the oppressed or the injured. That such is indeed the high principle of Christianity seems to me to be emphatically affirmed by our Saviour, when he says, "Except a man hate his own life, he cannot be my disciple." Surely, that fear of death, which would deter us from doing whatsoever of duty our hands find to do, is utterly unworthy of a Christian. Indeed it is a fear which the soul cannot know when it has fully embraced the faith of the Gospel. For if the doctrine of immortality be true, death in itself can be no evil; is incomparably less to be dreaded than an act of inhumanity or selfishness, which may impair the health, or sully the purity of the soul.

This demand of self-sacrifice, which Jesus here and elsewhere makes, may at first seem too high; but I appeal to the consciousness of all, if there be not that within us, which responds with deepest approval of soul to an act of self-sacrifice? Who ever read, without a thrill of admiration, of the conduct of that captain of the steamer, which was burnt a few years ago upon one of the lakes? He evidently forgot himself, in his anxiety to rescue those who had committed their lives to his care and skill. He faced every danger from the fire or the flood. Self-possessed, in the midst of the terror and frenzy of those about him, he devised every measure that could be adopted for their relief. All the faculties of his mind and body, all the energies of his soul were put in requisition to save those who were ready to perish. He refused to quit the burning, sinking wreck until every other human being on board

had left, when it was too late for him ; and he died, enwrapped in the flames, from which he had rescued them. Now is there a human heart any where, that does not instinctively admire the spirit that animated that man ? Is there a heart any where that does not pronounce his conduct right, noble, worthy of a man ? O ! how much more worthy than it would have been, if in his eagerness to escape death himself, he had hurried from that doomed vessel, leaving others to follow as they might be able. Some would perhaps then have coldly approved his prudence. Now all applaud his magnanimity.

By applying such a test as this, we find that Christianity enjoins upon us nothing more than humanity demands. If there be any things in the history of our race, that delight us all, they are those instances, recorded on its pages, of self-forgetfulness, of devotion to the relief of the suffering, the rescue of the oppressed, the redemption of the lost.

Nay further, I believe it is the spontaneous approval, which every soul gives to a generous, disinterested act, that by an awful perversion has crowned even the brows of the warrior with glory. It cannot be that many, who seem to feel high admiration of the exploits of those who have distinguished themselves on the field of battle, can take any pleasure in the infuriated passions of the combatants—in the ghastly wounds that are inflicted, in mangled bodies, the agony, the groans, the shrieks of the dying. Oh no—these things are overlooked, or are kept out of sight. When talking of glorious war, we think not of the misery our so called heroes have inflicted ; but of the danger, the imminent peril of limb and life, to which they have exposed their own persons. Were it not for this admiration that is felt universally for self-sacrifice, no civilized community could tolerate war, any more than robbery and murder. Why, the only appeals that rouse the manly, the generous, the truly brave to fight, are those that summon them to expose themselves,—to offer themselves a sacrifice to their country's cause. The destruction of others, no one that has not lost his humanity can think of without horror. The sacrifice of oneself, the thought of it enkindles a holy enthusiasm. Under this guise it is, that the fiendish spirit of war has beguiled so many of generous, heroic hearts to implicate themselves in its atrocities. The worst of all the horrible evils of war is that it thus deceives, betrays and perverts one of the noblest, holiest affections of the soul. When I think of a high-minded youth, hurried into battle by the generous purpose of offering his life in his country's cause, and there dealing about him ghastly wounds and horrid death—he seems to me like an angel transformed into a fiend. O what might not a youth of such a spirit have done in the cause of truth, righteousness and outraged humanity, if he had followed the example of Jesus,—resolutely

maintained the right, without harm or violence to others, and sealed his testimony, if need be, on the cross or the scaffold.

"They never fail, who *die*

In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
 Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
 Be strung to city gates, and castle walls.
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts
 Which overpower all others, and conduct
 The world, at last, to Freedom."

More must be hazarded in the cause of humanity. There must be a spirit of greater willingness to expose ourselves to sacrifice and to suffer for the deliverance of our race from wrong and outrage. I believe the resort of man to horrid war will not be effectually reprov'd; and noble and generous souls will not be freed from that terrible delusion, which hurries them into battle, until they are led to see how much more magnanimous, and more effectual withal, it is to *suffer* for the right than to *fight* for it;—until they see that it is more noble, more worthy of us as men and as Christians, to be crucified, hanged, burnt, for our steadfast adherence to the right, than it would be to lose our lives in a struggle to kill the abettors of wrong. "The glory of the cross" was that spirit of love which animated him, to whom was given all power—who might have summoned twelve legions of angels to his rescue—to yield up his life (without the slightest attempt to harm his enemies) in attestation of those truths, by which alone the world can ever be redeemed. This, the true glory of the cross, is coming to be seen more and more, as the mists and clouds of superstition and error are passing away. And it shall awaken in the bosoms of men a purer, holier, more enduring courage than was ever displayed upon the field of battle—the courage of the Son of God. He, who dares to sacrifice himself, can know no fear but the fear of failing to do and to bear all that he should, in the cause of righteousness and mercy.

SEEK to become wiser, that you may become better.

Few become better without becoming wiser.

He that lives to learn, may learn how to live.

The chance sayings of a child actually teach, though indirectly, because they suggest, much.

THE LOVE OF NATURE IN EDUCATION.

BY REV. T. B. FOX.

It is important to cherish in the young a love of nature. In the education of the mind and the heart, the influence of the beauties and wonders of creation are in general too much neglected. Sadly imperfect are those conceptions of life which so often shut out from the school and almost from the family all that relates not to an artificial state of society, and according to which integrity, honesty, industry and economy fill up the catalogue of moral graces. It would be vain to expect a watch to go correctly while only a part of its wheels are set in motion, and it is equally vain to expect a child's mind to work well, or a child's heart to be filled with good, while any of the means and the occasions of their right development are unused. In view of a true philosophy there is, in not a few cases, gross error in dealing with the infant spirit, a strange blindness to its most operative, endearing, elevating capacities. Children are taught more of arithmetic, than of the phenomena of conscience:—they hear much more about using their powers of calculation than about the philosophy of the affections. They must write a good hand, but it is of little importance whether they know any thing of the structure of flowers; they must be acquainted with the situation of Liverpool and Canton, but it matters not if they never dream of the poetry of the stars. The effect of this too frequently is, that they grow up, ruled and swayed by the impression that the great object of existence is little more than to eat and drink—to buy and to bargain. Even with those anxious to do their duty, there is not seldom a dangerous inattention to certain departments of our nature, on a due reverence and regard for which the future welfare and excellence of the young is in part, and to no small extent, dependent. This fair creation, with its appeals to our curiosity, its lovely forms, and musical sounds, would never have been fitted up; that strange sympathy between the invisible world within, and the visible world without, would never have been established; that mysterious gift of the soul whereby it may make even of dull matter a holy teacher would never have been bestowed, were they not designed for a purpose it cannot be safe to neglect. It would require, I imagine, no great exertion on the part of one who hath the gift, to interest most children in nature. Their hearts overflow with a love for the beautiful; their minds are ever active, and the most common phenomena are to them novel. It is by wrong education usually

that all this promise is crushed and put out. He reads childhood wrong who supposes it a difficult task to awaken in it a sympathy for creation. It has a pure passion for animate and inanimate things. Habit has not confined its free spirit to the narrow and dull round of business, but it is ready to soar with the bird, sparkle with the dew-drop, roam with the butterfly, and listen to the hum of the bees. You can hardly confine its gladness, or check its instinctive desire to hold communion with the beautiful creation. The very babe will laugh in your arms, when it hears for the first time the note of the robin, and smile as it looks on the delicate rose-bud. Wonder, reverence, love, are all elements in the young spirit, and remain there warm and eager to act, until repulsed and deadened by intercourse with the harsh and prosaic world of men. "The Child's Wish in June,"—that simple piece by Miss Gilman, is no picture. It well expresses the artless and loving condition of the unworn heart.

"Mother, mother, the winds are at play,
 Prithce, let me be idle to-day.
 Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
 Languidly under the bright blue sky,
 See, how slowly the streamlet glides:
 Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
 Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
 And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
 Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
 And the flies go about him one by one;
 And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
 Without even thinking of washing her face.
 There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
 But, very lazily fieth he,
 And he sits and twitters a gentle note
 That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
 How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
 And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
 It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.
 I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
 That sails about with its misty shroud;
 Books and work I no more should see,
 And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee."

Now if there is affinity in childhood for nature, ought it not to be carefully employed in the great work of education? I say carefully, religiously, wisely employed. I would not cherish a taste for nature at the expense of habits of industry, or at the risk of creating a disrelish for less fascinating matters. But to let a child grow up without culti-

vating a love for those bright pictures with which "the Celestial Artist" has adorned his own temple, or feeding the curiosity to study out the manifestations of divine skill in his manifold works, is to do violence and injustice to the soul. Besides, in the contrary course there is evident wisdom and profit. Children need amusements or recreations. The best and most effectual way to supply this need is, I believe, to interest them in nature. Here is perpetual variety and novelty; here are appeals to every sense; here is occupation which can be pursued almost every where, and at almost all times. It may wear away pleasantly many a winter evening. It may furnish healthful exercise in the fields on many a summer's day. It may be followed on the sea-shore, and in the deep wood. A few shells; a collection of insects; a little instruction in Natural History, may save parents anxious hours both now, and by and by. Too little is done in the culture of the young by way of prevention. It is Jeremy Taylor, I think, who says, "If you do not fill your child's head with something, be assured the Devil will." This is most true. To keep out bad tastes, you must awaken pure tastes; to avoid bad habits, you must strive to induce good habits; to hold in subjection lower desires, you must develop the higher desires. To send a child supperless to bed because he has "played truant," or to whip him because he has told a lie, if ever well, by way of retribution, is certainly a very small part of true discipline. That is an extremely imperfect view of education which only punishes faults without earnest and faithful and constant efforts to bring out and establish positive excellencies of character. He is a wise general, we say, who takes care to pre-occupy the disputed territory, before the enemy can get possession; so likewise he is the wise parent who tries to anticipate the assaults of evil, by filling up the time and mind of his child with useful employments and good thoughts. I have known this principle to be acted upon in one instance with apparently good success. On a summer's afternoon I paid a visit with a friend to a gentleman who resides in a pleasant village not many miles from Boston. While walking in his garden he pointed to a peach-tree, one of whose branches laden with ripe fruit, overhung the road: "There," said he, "some thirty boys pass under that tree more or less every day, but I have not lost, and probably shall not lose, a single peach." In answer to the inquiry how a respect for fruit so unusual had been brought about, he took us to the Academy yard hard by, where we found a beautiful flower garden, owned and cultivated by the scholars. By thus interesting these lads in nature, giving them a piece of land of their own to cultivate, he had done more to fence in his own grounds than if he had built around them a ten foot wall. This gentleman, I ought perhaps to add, had endeavored and

succeeded in his endeavor to a good degree, to diffuse a taste for horticulture throughout the village, so that almost every house had its flower garden and shrubbery. Thus was created a sort of public sentiment far more effectual than the strong arm of the law, for the protection of those who loved the beautiful things of nature. The individual to whom I allude understood human nature, and the meaning of the homely proverb about the ounce of prevention. By following his example, a too common form of juvenile depravity may possibly be eradicated. A child will not steal flowers, when he is interested in their growth and structure; he will not rob birds' nests, or cruelly murder insects, when alive to their wonders and fond of observing their habits. We respect things when we know their value, and he who loves and studies nature will not carelessly crush the ant, or regard as worthless any of the beauties, providence so prodigally scatters over earth. This is not all. Natural History ought to be made a part of education, not merely on account of its indirect advantages, as affording innocent recreation, as a counteracting influence to keep in subjection vulgar and sensual tastes, as a protection in time of temptation, it is of high value. But it hath a still nobler office. It exercises the mind, promotes habits of observation and discrimination, develops the inventive faculties, opens a wide field to the imagination, surrounds the soul with grand and lovely forms, and preserves it fresh, buoyant and loving. If the worth of any pursuit is ascertained by its benign effects on the intellect and the heart, if the external world furnishes exquisite and perpetual delight to the senses—is full of spiritual truth and a teacher of religion, then to the young the study of nature must be of great importance; and not to the young alone. Manhood shall find in its pleasant recreations a relief after the wearing cares of business, or the fatigue of study. Like Luther the reformer, he may for moments forget the struggles and the controversies of the world, and “enjoy the creation in his garden.” And age too, in retirement and stillness, when life draws to a close like a calm and pleasant evening, may find a cherished love of nature a solace and refreshment to keep bright the faculties, undimmed the senses, to spread over the soul a sober cheerfulness, and shed the sunlight of hope on the last steps to the grave. I have in my memory now an example of this. Before my mind rises up the image of a venerable lady, one who had seen her full share of trouble and privation. Her face seemed to have caught the calm of heaven, as according to her custom she sat in her simple and quaker-like dress, at a window which looked out upon fair fields and let in the balmy air. Before her was a little stand, on which lay the Bible open generally, at some psalm of Israel's king, descriptive of the works of God: near the sacred volume stood a vase

of fresh flowers. She was a picture of repose, a visible prophecy of the rest that awaited those who have fought a good fight. When I think of her and of her peaceful end, I love to believe that her trust in God was in part taught her by the birds of the air and the lilies of the field. I love to believe this, for there must be truth in those fine lines of Wordsworth's,

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

In these slight articles, I have been walking as it were a rapid walk on the borders of a vast and interesting field, and brought you a few twigs and leaves and flowers, as invitations to a more thorough search for its uncounted treasures. Let me trust the effort, however humble, may not have been made in vain. I have striven to recommend a pursuit to some extent within the power of all, for it is a mistake to suppose the love and study of nature must be confined to the favored few. Some speak of a taste for this or that science or avocation, as if it were an innate predilection, and therefore, unless they are led to it by the impulse of an instinct, it has no claims or charms for them. This idea is not wholly correct. It may be that from a peculiarity in the original structure of the mind, some manifest a fondness peculiarly strong for particular subjects. But this need not shut out the rest of the world from any participation in their joys. We may not look on nature with the eye of a philosopher, fill our books with dried specimens, crowd our bureaus with insects, sit up the live long night a "star gazing," or master the crooked terms of an artificial nomenclature: yet we may cultivate a taste for the lovely, the wonderful and the grand in creation. I have only been appealing to, and asking for the development of an element, which exists asleep or awake in every soul, and one which society too generally neglects. I mean the sentiment of the beautiful—a sentiment intended—I borrow in part the words of another—to soften the character, calm the passions, soothe affliction, and persuade to content; a sentiment which allies itself with all that is noble

and good, and elevates the thoughts above the ignoble cares, the childish disappointments and all the littleness of earth, and directs them to eternal and unchangeable principles of harmony and order. This divine faculty or whatever else you may please to term it, is no endowment—belonging only to a privileged “caste” of minds. It is in every bosom; inactive, and smothered by baser passions it may be, but still capable of action. By this gift of heaven all are admitted to communion with nature. Each harp of a thousand strings has one chord attuned to harmony with the outward creation, and a skilful hand may awaken its music and cause its melody to float through the chambers of the soul. If all other agents fail to produce a result so blessed, there is one sure of success. Religion, pure and undefiled, will unseal the eye long shut to the works of God. He who believes that infinite love has filled earth with forms of beauty, and heaven with its worlds of light; he who believes that infinite wisdom speaks in every flower, that not a sparrow falls without *His* knowledge; he will dwell on nature, and be filled oftentimes, when others are cold, with the thankfulness of a saint, and the admiration of a devout worshipper. He will learn the language of creation, and be like the curious boy whom the poet saw

“Applying to his ear
The convolutions of the smoothed lipped shell,
To which in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences: whereby
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.”

And he will say with the poet,

“Even such a shell, the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith.”

THE ideas which grow up within us from suggestion, do us more good than those directly conveyed to our minds.

The lantern which lights the midnight walk could not find its own way, yet we despise not its use. So let us employ all moral light, turning not a questioning or a scornful glance upon its source.

Which has most power to make a home miserable, the passionate, the peevish, or the sullen man?

THE EARLY NEW-ENGLAND HOME.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON, BY REV. FREDERIC A. WHITNEY.

JOSHUA ii. 18. And thou shalt bring thy father and thy mother and thy brethren and all thy father's household *home* unto thee.

It is a glory to New England that our chief and oldest festival is thus marked with religious ceremonies. This element came naturally from the religious character of our fathers who instituted the occasion. Ever may their descendants retain in its observance this exalting feature. Amidst all their privations and sufferings, they could still speak of the bounties of Providence, of the plenteous gifts and mercies of their God, and so they came together, joyfully to acknowledge them. To us comes a louder call for thanksgiving and praise from our varied social and public blessings. While awakening gratitude, so should they be made, each year, fresh incitements to duty and obedience to Him who permits us again this day to come into his courts in the multitude of his mercies.

As with our fathers, so with us, this day is consecrated to the public worship and praise of God. It is, next, sacred to home. The text expresses a leading purpose of the occasion. It refers us to that primeval institution, which gives to the festival its heartiest interest, home. Home,—what is that, and what should it be? What, especially, has been and must still be its influence on our national character and welfare? The gathering place, this day, of parents and brethren and kindred, is it doing its appointed work for the preservation of our institutions, for the peace and freedom and security of our land? An important question,—wide in its relations, serious in its issues, who can doubt?—for weal, or for woe, to this self-governing people.

It was the ancient saying of a wise man, that, give him the making of all the popular ballads of a nation, and he would allow any one who pleased to make their laws. Such an influence, he meant, did these national and patriotic songs maintain over a people's affection and spirit, that no civil institutions and enactments could be sustained and enforced but in harmony with them. Give me the making of our homes, one may now say, in a broader application of the same spirit, and in this land, especially, it shall little matter who first ordains laws for us and who sit in our high places of authority and trust. Let us but establish and maintain on Christian principles the homes of this people,

those miniature human governments where each member has a part to perform for the welfare and happiness of the whole, where respect and obedience towards the rightful head and affection among all prevail, and the civil republic shall take care for itself. Little matters it, did we say, what laws were then enacted? Rather let us add, none but right laws could be tolerated. Of comparatively small moment indeed, would it be who then aspired to our seats of authority, for none but the good and the true could sit there. One mighty, agreeing voice should go up from these myriad little domestic republics to bid the selfish, the despotic, the bad man away!

No tyrant ever long held sway over a virtuous, law-loving, God-fearing people. The history of conquest and defeat among the nations of antiquity, oftentimes, even, of the weaker over the stronger, is more and more revealing to us the fact that inward domestic weakness, the want of that spirit which the Christian home alone cherishes, and not the conqueror's arm or a foreign soldiery, caused overthrow and ruin. What else does Rome tell us? Every Roman had a country, but no Roman a home. Home was overlooked in a false patriotism, in a devotion, never perhaps equalled, to the fancied good of the state. Least of all should it be found that under civil institutions like our own, where but the expression of the people's will is the signal for its execution, evil rulers, unjust laws, wrong customs and measures could exist, while home had been rightly, religiously training a generation to pass sentence upon them.

Take an illustration to the same point from modern time and from that page in our history of which this day reminds us. In the homes of the Puritans of New England were more truly sown than ever before the seeds of a Christian Commonwealth. And if Rome fell because in part the true home was not found there, our nation rose thus prosperously because of the domestic and religious influences under which it was founded. New England, born of the fear and service of God, whose feeble infancy was nursed by the spirit of prayer, whose college went early up for useful learning, yet consecrated to Christ and the Church, whose every institution spoke of God, whose manhood was vigorous only through God's worship, this New England—do we consider?—gave birth to this nation. The character of the leaders of our revolution—that revolution itself, grew out of principles, which, from the first settlement of New England, had been silently maturing. The chief leaders of the revolution were descendants of our New England forefathers. The chief, not all. For who would overlook the transcendent services of Patrick Henry, or of Washington, who were not born on New England soil, or him, whose pen drafted the declaration of our

independence? But Washington's heart was all Puritan in its devotion to the Most High. And which did most to sustain and establish the declaration, Virginia, or Puritan Massachusetts, let the sincere confession of Mr. Jefferson himself attest. It was John Adams, I aver, said he, who on that floor had no equal. He it was who by his eloquence moved us from our seats. And he, I need not say, was of Puritan descent, the son of one who served at the communion table of Christ. Our annals will assure us that from that first English child born in New England, Peregrine White, down more than a century later, to the cradles of those who became leaders in our revolution, the Adamses, Samuel and John, Hancock the proscribed, Quincy the Patriot, Otis, Bowdoin and Ames, and the military champions, such as Warren and Putnam, there had been raised up from well-ordered New-England homes, successive generations of true men. These whom I have named, if history speaks truly, were fair representatives of the character of those times. These and their cotemporaries, a goodly host, were reared in peculiar homes. They were homes in which, from parents' lips and from their lives, virtue, justice and a stern integrity were scrupulously impressed on childhood's heart. Homes they were, where reverence and obedience, and a wholesome, albeit a severe discipline, did reign. Homes they were, wherein it was no strange thing that fathers should acknowledge before their children the being and authority of God in daily family prayer. Homes like these nourished the childhood of how many of our truest patriots. Peculiar we may call them, but they certainly did nurture peculiar men. Samuel Adams was peculiar. That noble poverty, incorrupt amidst great temptation, that whole patriotic heart, which neither the gold nor the glory of Britain could bribe, these, indeed, we may term peculiar, as the home through whose religious influences they were sustained. He was but one among many, whose names come up in illustration of my position. Bless God that such examples stand in our annals for others' incitement and encouragement.

But I allude to them now, chiefly, as prominent landmarks by which to denote the generation, which, imbibing the principles of the early New-England home, was most immediately concerned in the struggle for our independence, and to whom, under Providence, our gratitude is due. It is common to decry that home as of an order now quite obsolete and uncongenial with the wants as with the taste of childhood and youth. Doubtless some traits of it were for that time and not for ours. But I think we are yet to learn how intimately connected was our country's success and the consequent establishment of these happy institutions with the very character, old fashioned though we count it, of that New-England home. Brave hearts grew up there,

where God was thus feared and acknowledged. The religious sentiment, the most important in the enterprises it has prompted, in the results it has accomplished, of all the sentiments which have moved mankind, was there drawn forth and was thence signally manifested, as we have said, in the founders of our empire. Integrity, that seems often to love a homely garb, was dearly cherished, even where outward wants were clamorous, as a parent's noblest inheritance to children. The love of justice, the rightful spirit of obedience, respect for age, reverence for the Sabbath, and a truer application than now prevails of religious principle to public and political life, these all were leading elements in the character of that home. Naturally they moulded the lives of those who were reared therein. And at length when the sad hour for mortal combat came, these mighty moral elements all-deep and warm in the hearts of our people, and all gathering into a sublimer patriotism than had before been known, formed a bulwark of defence, against which a hired and foreign soldiery could not but contend in vain.

We speak commonly of that contest as one of most unequal chances. Looking only at the outward picture of it, so we may. That shows us troops well furnished and equipped, skilled and practised in all military science and experience, arrayed against the undisciplined in martial movements, the poorly clothed and fed and most imperfectly defended from attack. When before in the records of nations, was there seemingly a more unequal contest? And yet, regarding the spirit with which home had been girding those untrained troops, we must allow that the advantage was by no means wholly with our opponents. We must cease to wonder at the issue. It was the feeling of obedience and of rightful respect, to which, younger, or older, those unskilled soldiers had been accustomed at home, that at once made them ready, patient, enduring under the direction of their appointed leaders. It was those old fashioned notions of justice and right that won for our fathers that glorious day, and not a trifling tax on tea, or the vexations of a stamp act, or the annoyances, serious as they were, of a British Port-Bill for their own metropolis. It was the home-bred religious sentiment, which, first bringing our fathers into these shores and especially through the period we have considered, reigning supreme in their homes, prompted their noblest deeds, sustained them at such fearful hazard, saved their country,—and through which, we their children are enabled this day to lay on this peaceful altar our offering of thanksgiving and joy.

And now, where are the homes and the men, we earnestly ask, that thus made New England, and through that our country, a name and a praise among the nations of the earth? We hear much said of the decline of reverence in our land,—of the want of respect for rightful

authority,—of a growing spirit of insubordination and misrule. Within a few years some portions of our country have certainly furnished sad manifestations of this. We are told that political integrity is rare; that we do not find, now, those old patriots with whom, this hour, we have been communing; that with us, patriotism is fast becoming another and pleasanter name for self-aggrandizement; that veracity, justice and honor, in commercial, as well as in political life, seem greatly to have relaxed their ancient hold upon the hearts of our people; that the old sacredness of promises and obligations has somewhat abated; and that, in a general eagerness for place and power and wealth, clouds are even now in the horizon, that may shadow and obscure the brightness of our good institutions.

That there are many features in our national character, condition and prospects, which every sincere lover of his country must deeply deplore, and desire to remedy, none can deny. That much of the evil to be removed has arisen from a growing foreign, un-American influence upon our counsels and condition, with which our own homes are not wholly chargeable, is undoubtedly true. This subject, wisely I think, is already engaging the attention of the good of all parties among us. And yet, after all, our own homes must be our great fortress of defence, as well against evil from abroad as from domestic calamity. Obviously from them is to go forth the only power that can stay, ere it be too late, the currents of evil that both spring from our midst and from beyond us.

Therefore if the question be asked, Where are the men, the true men and good, who as of old, will come up for our defence to carry out and perpetuate our institutions and redeem our country? I can only reply, We must make them. And where but in our homes shall this be done? There were they reared of old, a generation whose praise is yet with us and whose record is on high. Here is our only sure hope of future and permanent security. The generations, now growing up in our homes, are to sway the destinies of this nation, for good, or for evil, hardly less than did they who were reared for the revolution. Clearly as effect may be seen to follow its cause, can we trace back the subsequent success and prosperity of our country to the character of its early founding. That character must be maintained and perpetuated, if we would have the good land we have inherited to be smiled on of Heaven. Moral and religious considerations, first cherished in our homes, must enter more into all our action. Public life and social must beat with a divine pulsation. Who, that thinks at all, can believe that our blessings as a united people shall be continued to us, that this occasion shall come round, a jubilee in our midst, except through the land be diffused a more general and abiding acknowledgment of God and of individual

accountableness to Him on the part both of rulers and the ruled? Too common is it with this festival to dwell only on our public blessings, to see only the elevation to which as a people we have risen. Better, is it not? that our short-comings in the sight of Heaven, burdened, almost, as we have been with Heaven's choicest privileges on a people ever bestowed, be likewise considered. Better far, that our public and private abuses be reformed, even by a partial return to the sterner discipline of Puritan days. Better that our vices and our sins be healed, and that our gratitude be shown forth in the lives rather than on the lips of our people.

And for this, what is so needed at this very hour, through our whole land, as something of the religious leaven of that early New-England Home? That which, as we read the lessons of the past, we might expect would attend unexampled outward growth and unwonted outward prosperity, the decline, namely, of the religious sentiment, has befallen our people. The practical acknowledgment of God, as Ruler and Judge among nations and individuals, does not so control as it must, our nation. Look where we will, in high places, or private scenes of action, shall we find the fear and service of the Lord, even in the clear view of the great things he hath done for our people, a ruling sentiment in the land? Go up, even, to the council chambers of our nation, and is it manifested in our Congress, that place which by right, which by necessity, were our institutions truly carried out, should exhibit the collected wisdom and virtue of our people? Take the words of the old prophet with you, "Only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you;" and sadly would the precept have echoed back unfulfilled from those walls, as often, in recent debate, the fearfully solemn question of war has been treated there, by such as stand Christian representatives of a Christian people. It is not fearing and serving the Lord, when other moral subjects of unspeakable importance to the welfare of the country, slavery especially, cannot there be calmly discussed, as by brethren of a great confederacy, whose true interests are one and the same, as servants of God to whom an account is to be rendered. It is not fearing and serving the Lord, when those council chambers are made the arena of party strife and sectional jealousy, when low passions usurp, as often they do, the place of reason, when vices even, which condemn the private citizen, are there shamelessly indulged. I look, through the annals of the historian, back on a fairer picture, when grave legislators made our early Congress an honor both at home and abroad. That it is not always thus now, who is not assured? Would that a truer sense of accountableness to God, a leaven only as we have called it, from that early Home, might

so penetrate the heart of our whole people that they should say in the majesty of a virtuous will to each and all who sought those seats of power, Nay, but ye must be virtuous and God-fearing men, or our servants ye are not. We will own, we will suffer no separation of religion from politics. Our nation has come of a stock that, of old, walked in the ways of the Lord. The interests of our millions cannot be trusted in your hands, if to Him ye are false. The solemn questions that are threatening our peace and welfare, our very existence indeed, as a united empire, ye *must* take from the hands of the uninformed and fanatical, and thereon, in your high seats, ye must deliberate, wisely and in love, till they be settled. We, the whole people, must be your people, Rulers and Legislators, and no party, or section in your hearts beside. Above all, the Great Power, whom in private life, we bid each other recognize, ye must obey. Our God ye, too, must fear and serve.

These words reach not rulers and legislators, but such only as through the public sentiment, to which each individual contributes, determine greatly what shall be their character. See that what we demand in our rulers, as their great qualification, that which was manifested in the fathers of our nation, a practical acknowledgment, namely, of God, be found in ourselves. To redeem and save our country, it must live, this true religious sentiment, in all our hearts. It must be the defence of private, or it will not sway public life. It must be the great sentiment of our homes, hallowing every relation, purifying each motive and purpose. Fear the Lord and serve Him, not I for you, nor you for me can lift off this obligation, which deals with the individual conscience. To what can we look but to this religious influence, thus emanating from our homes and diffused through the community, as the hope of private virtue, as the ark of our public security and welfare? Greater responsibility than now has rested never on fathers and mothers, on all whom a home shelters, to fortify it with good principles, to revive and establish there, the sense of God's being and authority. If we will not do this,—if we will not in something of the spirit of the olden time so imbue the whole rising generation, where alone it can be done, in their homes, with the saving principles of virtue and justice, of reverence and piety, that by these, our social wrongs and vices may be put away,—if we will not teach children those old fashioned puritanical notions—to obey their parents, to fear God and keep his commandments and reverence the Sabbath, then is there no hope for our nation. In this sacred place, on this day of religious gratitude and of religious vows, I will not flatter our national pride with the idea of national glory remaining. Not surer hasteneth the sun to go down than shall our glory have departed. We may adopt, or reject, disputed

measures of political expediency; we may legislate against national influences from abroad; we may urge or oppose the increase of territory; we may demand or refuse the protection of law for our country's productions: it will be all in vain. We shall still be striving on against God's great law that from the beginning has bound a nation's existence and welfare with virtuous and religious hearts in her people, and woe to them, nations or individuals, who join in that fearful contest. Downfall will be written on our walls; and from within us, or from without, will come the avenger of our neglected and abused opportunities and blessings.

God in his mercy avert that day! and incline us to mingle with our anthems of thanksgiving on this hallowed festival and around the domestic board, the earnest purpose that our homes with our lives shall be consecrated to a heartier devotion to virtue and truth, to the fear and the service of our fathers' God.

HEART MUSIC.

THERE'S discord in this world of ours,
But soon 't would cease if every one
Would let his soul's deep harmonies
Sound ever forth in perfect tune.

What heavenly, full-toned melodies
Announced the great Redeemer's birth!
Oh, loud pealed forth the angel choir,
"Good will to men, and peace on earth!"

This is the song our hearts must sing,
If we with Christ would e'er be one;
Then come the day when such a tone
All hearts shall sound in unison!

Together then the morning stars
Will sing — sweet music of the spheres!
The sons of God will shout for joy
When fall such tones on mortal ears!

Oh discord! cease thy jarring noise,
And let me hear that song again
As once 'twas heard when angels' tongues
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

M. S. B. D.

EVELINE.

At the door of a splendid house stood a slender woman, dressed in deep mourning.

"I don't think anybody is at home," said the vulgar looking footman. "At least to such a shabby figure as you!" he muttered as he banged the door. The woman sat down upon the step, and leaned her head upon her hand. At length, finding herself an object of attention to people going by, she rose, and pulled the bell again.

The same servant opened it. His face assumed an insolent expression, but the stranger prevented any rude speech he was ready to utter, by giving him a card, and stepping calmly into the house. He looked at the name in amazement a moment, then civilly conducted the lady into a parlor, and went to announce her to the family.

Presently an elderly man came in, holding her card in his hand. He bowed coldly, and gazed at her in silence a moment. The lady looked at him with an earnest and expressive countenance.

"My husband's father!" said she. "The resemblance is most striking."

Seeing that she was much affected, the gentleman, with a slight change of countenance, which seemed vexation rather than emotion, moved a chair towards her, and sat down himself.

"Madame," said he, frigidly, "the information of the death of my unfortunate son, reached us so long since, that my wife and daughters have laid aside their mourning, yet I have from this card the first intimation that he left a wife."

"I knew that my husband was not on good terms with his family," said the widow, "and I hope to be able to support myself, and not be a burden upon your kindness. I now only ask a temporary relief, till I can regain my health, and the ability to labor for my bread."

"It would ill become me to allow my daughter-in-law to work for a living," said the gentleman, but without the kind look which should have accompanied the sentiment. "Since you claim our name, you must be respectably provided for."

"I thank you," said the widow, faintly.

"You shall stay here, on such terms of companionship as you can agree upon with my wife and daughters. You will of course join us at table, unless we have particular company, when you could have your meals in your own room, on pretext of being an invalid."

The word "pretext" brought the color into the pale cheek of the widow. The gentleman observed it, and as he was a gentleman, though

a cold hearted man, he hastened to say, "I only mean, that as an invalid, and also a widow, you might claim the privilege of seclusion from company."

Then saying his wife would see her when she had finished dressing, he rang the bell for a servant to take her bonnet and shawl, and departed.

"I shall have more sympathy from poor Frederick's mother. A mother's love can never be alienated," thought the widow.

An hour passed before Mrs. Cumberland made her appearance, in a very rich dress, and betraying a vulgar consciousness of it. Three young ladies stood before the stranger with examining eyes, and while she conversed with their mother, made remarks or signs to each other, regarding her dress and appearance.

"How lucky it is you have not left off mourning!" observed Mrs. Cumberland, with a drawl. "You can have our mourning gowns altered to fit, and be made quite decent at small expense."

"One of mother's gowns would make three like that she has on!" whispered Amanda. "What a little midge she is!" replied Caroline. "What an old fashioned pin! and how common looking! I hope she is not always to be decked with it!" said Helen.

"You will not, of course, expect us to do much for you," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Had Mr. Cumberland died before Frederick, he would have had no claim upon his father's estate. His debts were paid the last time upon the express understanding, that——"

"I claim nothing, ma'am, but a present shelter."

"I wonder how Frederick came to fall in love with her," whispered Helen. "I don't call her very handsome, I am sure." "Too thin and pale," returned the plump Amanda. "Her hair is as black as Fanny's," observed Caroline. "It is done up *horridly*."

"What was your name, before you became Mrs. Cumberland?" inquired the dowager.

"Eveline Beresford."

"Romantic!" whispered Helen, with a twist of her mouth. The others replied by a similar grimace.

Eveline retired to her room, after an hour or two, sad and exhausted. She had thrown herself on her bed, when Helen entered, without the ceremony of knocking, to say that she must ring when she wanted anything, and be sure to treat the servants with the distance and hauteur necessary to preserve their respect. Then after some remarks upon a ring which she observed upon Eveline's finger, she walked out of the room.

"There is no one here whom I can love," thought poor Eveline,

"no one who will ever love me." And pressing her hand to her side, which was throbbing with pain, she wept.

A light and irregular knocking at the door made her restrain her sobs, and listen. Doubtful whether it was really any one knocking for admission, she did not speak.

"May I come in?" said a child's voice.

"Yes, O yes!" said Eveline, her heart bounding at the sound.

A little girl of eight years old opened the door softly, came in on tiptoe, bashfully blushing, and stood by the bed-side. "I am little Fanny," said she. "Please to tell me about dear brother Frederick. Did he love you very dearly? And did he tell you all about his little Fanny?" And she put up her rosy lips for a kiss. Eveline drew her upon the bed, and she nestled confidently by her side, talking very fast about her brother, and the pets he had brought her home from abroad, and which she cherished for his sake.

Eveline's lonely heart was comforted; here was one bosom in the family which the world had not yet made selfish and cold, one subject for affection to cling to. Her spirits rose with a bound. The gloomy thought of dying unpitied and unwept never again made her tears flow; hope and faith returned, not to be again overshadowed.

"I will not sadden this sweet child," thought she. "If it is God's will to take me to himself, she shall have no melancholy impressions from my decline. Ought not a Christian to be joyful at all times? I feel that I can, that I shall, be happy, even here."

"I feel always as if brother Frederick was alive, beyond the sea," said Fanny, "and I often dream that he has come home. I know I must not expect to see him, for he is dead. But even while I say so, I don't believe it in reality."

"He *is* living," said Eveline, in a faltering voice.

Yes, I know it," said Fanny, "but we cannot see him. Perhaps he hears us, talking about him. Perhaps he is happier because we love him still."

"We shall not forget him," said Eveline, pressing the child to her bosom.

"One thing grieves me," said Fanny, sighing. "But I did not like to speak of it to you."

"Yes, tell me," said Eveline, "what troubles you."

"Mother says that Frederick when he was alive did many wrong things. He spent a great deal of papa's money. And she and my sisters say he would never do as they wanted him to, in the world."

Eveline did not wonder that they had had no influence over him.

"And so I am afraid God does not love him so well as we do ; and if God does not love him, and turns away from him, as father did, because he disobeyed him, will he be happy where he is now ?"

"If we found so much to love in him," said Eveline, "will not also his Father in Heaven, who knew him better than his earthly friends ?"

"Will God love him for being kind to his little Fanny ?"

"Every kind thought, and every affectionate feeling, were known to his Maker."

"I am glad. It makes me happy to think so." And jumping down from the bed, Fanny ran to bring her turtle-doves for Eveline to see. They were very beautiful, and very tame. "They used to sit on Frederick's shoulder, sometimes, and pick crumbs from his lips," said she, fondling them. "I call this one Freddy, and now I will call the other one Eveline." Eveline smiled, and Fanny did not notice that there was a tear in her eye.

If the stern father, and the worldly mother had listened to the conversation of Eveline and Fanny, and seen them at this moment, would not their hearts have been softened ? It was a lovely picture ; Eveline's face was white as the pillow on which it lay, and was made more strikingly pale by the raven black hair parted upon the forehead, and the jet black eyes, glittering with tears. It was a touching contrast to the blooming countenance of little Fanny, shaded also by jet black tresses, but radiant with health and innocent joy.

Fanny was no longer called "little pest," "Meddlesome Matty," "Cry-baby," "Mamma's torment," for from this time she went to none but Eveline with her childish griefs and discontents, and spent her play-hours chiefly in her room. The physician who had been called to Eveline pronounced her disease incurable. She might live for years, however, he thought, unless some new complaint should fasten upon her enfeebled frame.

She devoted herself to Fanny's improvement and happiness ; in return, Fanny was a most attentive nurse ; and month after month passed away very happily. At the end of a year she found herself no nearer than at first to the other members of the family. Riding, visiting and receiving visits, shopping, and dressing,—were ever ladies so busy, so industrious, who had nothing to do but to be amused ! They could never find time to read, or to visit Eveline's sick room. From Mr. Cumberland, she received those formal attentions which he considered due to every lady. But for his icy manner, these would have been gratefully felt. Once, indeed, he showed that all feeling was not frozen within his bosom.

"Did my son speak of me in his last illness?" asked he one day, when he was alone in the carriage with Eveline. He looked out of the window, as he spoke, but she saw that his lips trembled. She assured him of Frederick's heartfelt repentance, and his longing desire to see his father and be forgiven, before he died.

"We never understood each other. It may have been partly my own fault. Had I another son to bring up, I should proceed differently." Eveline did not dare to speak.

"The wind is getting out to the east; I advise you to draw up your shawl," said he, looking round with a face as stern as ever.

"Thank you, sir," said Eveline, obeying. Had there been in his countenance the least trace of a smile, anything like a kindly look, her heart would have gushed out warmly towards him, and she would have told him much that he would have been glad to learn. She would have told him that though his son had been sent out into the world with neither principles nor home affection to shield him from its temptations, he had been guilty of little besides thoughtless extravagance; and that he had deeply regretted his wasted youth, and resolved to fill the rest of his life with worthy actions and duties punctually performed. Death had prevented the fulfilment of his resolutions, and he had breathed his last, trusting in the mercy of Him who alone could know their sincerity.

* * * * *

"Miss Cumberland has no more heart than a rag doll," said a girl, who was packing Eveline's trunk, "to send you away from her, and you so sick."

"She thinks the country air will be of service to me," said Eveline, mildly.

"More like she and the young ladies don't like to have sickness in the house; it reminds 'em that they have got to go, like other folks, when their time comes, and leave every thing behind 'em but their good works."

Fanny was allowed to go with Eveline, when she went to her boarding-place, and when summoned home, she left Fairy, her pet kitten, behind, that Eveline might have "*somebody*" to love her.

But Fairy was not Eveline's only friend in her new home. Ladies, who had time for Christian duties, came to visit her, bringing flowers and books; and took turns in watching by her bedside. They soon became warmly interested in her, and loved to be with her, and listen to her happy and beautiful thoughts. She sometimes beguiled the weary hours of a sleepless night by making verses, which they wrote down from her lips. Fairy alternately slept and frolicked upon her mistress's bed, and would eat only in her room. Eveline wrote some

playful verses addressed to Fairy, to be given to Fanny when the kitten should be restored to her; and she tied a braid of her hair about her neck with a blue ribbon. At first Fairy scratched and kicked at her necklace, and shook herself with all her might. But she soon became used to it, and everybody thought it very becoming.

At last Eveline breathed her last, as peacefully as an infant falling asleep. Word was sent to Mr. Cumberland. He ordered a handsome burial, but regretted that his engagements were such that it was not convenient for himself or any of the family to attend.

Some indignation was expressed at this among Eveline's new friends, when assembled to pay her the last tribute of respect, and to gaze for the last time upon her serene and lovely countenance. White roses were strewed in and upon her coffin, and the room was dressed with flowers. There was no gloom upon any countenance, but a deep and serious joy, as they joined in the service for the dead, and in thought followed her pure spirit to the abode of the blest.

In the midst of the service, Fairy came frisking in, all unconscious of her loss, and the solemnity of the scene. She even played with the fringe of the pall, and gave the tassels a smart pat which set them bobbing and swinging to and fro. Some one attempted to take her captive, but she flew over and under tables and chairs, across laps and backs, like a mad thing, and presently bounded out at a window.

She was sent to Fanny, who received her with tears, which were soon dried, and her remembrance of Eveline was like a happy dream, except that her example and her teachings were never forgotten. Fanny grew up thoughtful and conscientious, yet as light-hearted and gay as Fairy herself.

C. W. L.

It is weakness to confess our faults, without cause, to our fellow creatures; it is a mark of strength to acknowledge them at proper times and places; it is sinful pride not to confess the wrong to those we have wronged.

What multitudes suffer more from shame than from sorrow! He would be the saviour of many boys, who should banish false ideas from our schools.

Praise not the vain child, if you desire his spiritual progress. Say a kind word to the self-distrustful, if you would help his soul onward.

Grieve, if you find you have let pass an opportunity of doing the smallest kindness; it might have been worth more than you dreamed.

TURN TO THY MAKER.

TURN to thy Maker, child of earth,
While life is in its spring;
Turn to thy Maker, while thine heart
Can purest tribute bring!
Thine eye with youthful hope is bright;
Oh lift its light to Heaven,
Ere thou hast tears to dim its glance,
Or sins to be forgiven!

Turn to thy Maker, child of joy,
For though thy path be fair,
Full fast upon thy footstep treads
The iron heel of care.
The gorgeous visions of thy breast
Shall pass, returning never,
For they are like the meteor-fires,
That flash and fade forever!

Turn to thy Maker, child of grief,
Earth cannot soothe thy pain;
And gladness to the broken heart
Returneth not again.
Oh, seek a haven for thy bark,
Whate'er its course may be,
Or thou art lone and tempest-tossed
Upon a shoreless sea!

Turn to thy Maker, weary one,
Who, long in sin, hast trod
The way that leads thee from thy peace,
And exile from thy God;
Thy frame is bent, thine eye is dim,
Thine heart is sear'd and riven,
But, wretched wanderer, turn to Him
And thou shalt be forgiven!

E. A. G.

THY SISTER.

"Touch her not scornfully, think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly :
Not of the stains on her ; all that remains of her
Now is pure, womanly.
Alas ! for the rarity of Christian charity,
Under the sun !
O, it was pitiful ! near a whole city full,
Home she had none.
Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed ;
Love by harsh evidence, thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence,
Seeming estranged."

THOMAS HOOD.

"Touch her not scornfully," oh daughter of rank and wealth ; her soul is as precious in the sight of God as yours, her infant head nestled as close to a mother's tender heart, her tottering steps were watched as fondly, and the first bloom of her cheek, was yet as fair. Perhaps—and God forgive us, that we must so write it—perhaps, it was your selfishness or mine, that made her what she is. Is she not the tender child, whom we sent suddenly from our door, when with a confiding heart, she begged in the Master's name for a crust of bread, and a cup of cold water ? Is she not the washerwoman, whom we left unpaid, for weeks, or the seamstress, whom we underpaid ? Perhaps, and this last is the saddest thought of all,—perhaps she is the repentant Magdalen, whom in the pride of indignant virtue we sent from our roof, when, after a week of faithful service, we discovered that tale of agony which, shameless as she once was, she could not bring her desecrated lips to speak. How blessed a privilege it is, that we cannot know the truth of what we half suspected ; if we could but see as God sees, our thoughtless hearts might break beneath the weight of hitherto undreamed responsibility. The time has passed by, if it ever existed, when the flush upon a woman's cheek, as she looked upon a fallen sister, could rightly excuse her from an immediate effort in her behalf. It is no longer fitting that for modesty's sake, she should seem to be ignorant of the evil that lies all about her, and keep herself free from taint at the expense of a ruined band of her sex. The revelations but recently made, in regard to the state of licentious crime in the city of Boston, have

roused a few interested individuals to warmer exertion, but the assembled wisdom of the Christian churches has thought fit to suppress a majority of the facts in the case, fearing to expose this accumulated mass of fearful sin to the naked gaze of a young community. I blame them not; they have done the best they knew, for God knows that the saddest of the sad problems, set before every individual parent, and yet unsolved, is this,—“Will my child be best protected from this nuisance, by knowledge or ignorance? What can I do to save him from this abyss, which forever yawns before my eye?” Yet, I cannot but think, that a knowledge of individual cases, no matter how revolting, is needed to thrill the soul, and wake the energies of woman. As the great mass of women are situated, surrounded by vigilant friends, guarded not more by the careful bias of sedulous education, than by a natural or acquired coldness of temperament, and an utter ignorance of opportunity, they know little of the trials of those, who, without friends, without education, without any object of love for a yearning heart, in the midst of opportunity, are the all but *necessary* victims of the indifference or ignorance of society. The gossip of private circles will not enlighten them; they need a body of terrible facts, presented in a religious and kindling spirit to their timid hearts. The ignorance which prevails is, to me, hardly less frightful than the sin itself, and as I have placed myself face to face with the latter, in all its varieties, and felt my blood boil, and my heart throb, and my brain grow dizzy, at the indifference of man to the ruin he creates, hot tears have been the witness to the striving of my soul to attain to some means of remedy to be placed in the hands of my own sex. It is now eight years since I first called the attention of others to this subject. Not yet escaped from school, I had already had bitter experience of the volcanic elements at work beneath the cold surface of society. I had seen an infant of six years, born in the house of sin, systematically trained by its chief mistress, to the life of one of its votaries, and lured on by such inducements as it could understand to acts of disgusting profanation. I had seen a faithful domestic leave a family that had loved her for years, for the arms of one, who by a pretended marriage mocked her affectionate heart, and, flying from the rebuking smile of his new born infant, left her on a bed of straw, in a damp cellar, thankful for the charity of one, as needy, perhaps as frail as herself,—(and who, to her honor be it said, not only nursed the orphaned babe, but in after years cheerfully shared with it the scanty morsel, which must be divided among eight starvelings of her own,) and yet more thankful for the liberty to die. From the number of a religious class of which I was a happy member, I had seen a young companion, who loved her teacher, and who evidently felt

the refining influence which she shared with me, lured on by the love of *ease*, to a position, fuller than the rack of straining agony. A year or two later, and more than one, who had listened to the dispensation of mercy, as it fell from the lips of a tenderly beloved pastor in common with myself, forfeited forever, without any ostensible motive, her own self respect. And later still, about five years ago, the spoiler came among my own flock, and the child whom I had gathered from the crowded alley, and watched over with the tenderness of an "elder, not a better," whose growing indications of talent and quickness had gratified my pride, was won over to the evil one, by the glittering lights and gay decorations of an evening ball. I shall never forget the agony of my own spirit, as I remonstrated with the indulgent mother, who having worked night after night, to minister to her daughter's love of dress, now felt the spring of life fading within her, and with a craven spirit gave over her soul to death. I never shall forget my own agony, I say, for I knew, how that child had been in my own hands, and I had not kept her; and I trembled when I remembered the first development of the passion which proved her ruin under my own eye; how, months before, I had seen an article of my own dress, useless and fine, a gift, and not the choice of its wearer, imitated in gay colors and coarse materials by her whom I was mourning. I remember, too, how I talked with her on the subject, and blamed myself in her presence, and how I never went again to the place of our Sabbath meeting, wearing the simplest decoration, but discarded for her sake the very few it was my taste to wear. Still, I never could forget that in the infancy of her passion, it had gathered strength from my example. The doors of the house of sin closed on her; my coming, for I sought her there, was watched and prepared for; we never met again; yet, shall there be one last meeting, when my trembling spirit may well dread to render in its sad account. This is not all: but I shall not pursue my own experience. Thus far it may serve to show, that I have had frequent and bitter reason to consider the subject of which I speak, and to give some weight to my counsel,—the result of a personal knowledge of the many paths to sin. I would willingly take upon myself the whole responsibility of publishing the reports to which I have alluded. I have known many ruined who have been led beyond the power of self-recovery in utter ignorance of the poison concealed in the flowers they gathered.

But this is not my province. I hasten to press upon my own sex, the exercise of a power, which they only too surely hold. Oh women! busy of late in discussing your own rights, turn, I beseech you, one longing glance toward this, the noblest mission of the first and the last of your sex,—the power to save souls. God-given, it is God-required,

and in the flood of beauty and blessing that shall pour into your hearts, as you exercise it, you shall receive your highest reward. I know not the sources of many of the evils that afflict humanity, but sure I am that whenever you shall be true to yourselves, and seek only the noblest exercise of your powers, they will, should they still exist, be deprived of their sting. As single individuals, you cannot abolish slavery, drunkenness or war, but you can often, in your single power, avert the evil of which I am speaking. The modes by which you may do this shall be pointed out.

And first, a great deal may be done for others by a faithful culture of your own nature. There is no such thing as concealing what you are; you will pass for what you are worth. Be worth, then, all you can, and if from a false delicacy you have avoided the consideration of the duties which you owe your sex in this relation, from this moment devote yourself to them. Seek above all things for a healthy and honest power of looking at the subject. Have no morbid sympathies with the consequences of sin, as you see them set forth in fiction, without any consideration for the victim that you encounter in actual life. Look at her, prostrate with fatigue and misery upon the curbstone. "But for the grace of God," as Baxter says, "there were" — yourself. Try to realize this, and remember that your own virtue is not so much your own merit, as the effect of circumstances over which you had no control. There are exceptions to this statement, but it is ordinarily so. Above all, consider that there are *states of mind*, more guilty than some single deeds. I know many young, and in intencion pure, whose minds are ripe for the sophistries which at first delude, were they left unprotected by circumstances or friends. They have become so, by devout reading of French and German romances, which leave them destitute of distinct ideas of right and wrong. The coarse vulgarity of the French is perhaps less dangerous than the mystic grace of the German, and might act as an antidote, to a very strong mind. But the latter is rapidly pervading even French literature, and believe me, that the suppressed Report would not be half so dangerous to most young persons, as the reading they find for themselves. You must not walk in a charmed atmosphere; you must be willing to bear your share of the dreadful burden of life; only so can you become worthy of the joy of Heaven. Be sure that everything which God has made holy you keep so. Tolerate no coarse allusions, no rude jests, in connexion with the most sacred hours and aspects of life. Let your bearing in regard to them be equally pure, in the society of your own sex or the other. Despire, if you will, this hint to an incalculable personal influence, but you will be mistaken.

Next to this culture of self, comes your influence upon the minds of men. Very few of you know how great this *is*; still less how great it *might be*. Shame has little restraining influence on the profligacy of men, in the present condition of society. And what wonder? Women have universally considered it due to their own delicacy, to ignore the private delinquencies of those whom they meet in society,—to treat all agreeable and well-bred persons as if they stood on the same platform of moral excellence. And yet drunkenness does not leave a deeper mark on man, than the indulgence of his passions, and the most pure-minded woman will the soonest detect this. She ought to feel that with her knowledge is connected a sacred responsibility. I would not advise any woman to be in the habit of delivering a moral lecture to every delinquent she encounters. What she ought to do, must be left to her own tact, and moral sense, in every case. To have a clear sense of a duty in the matter is the chief thing needful. Those who are in the habit of listening, in the family circle, to the remarks of girls conversant with gay life, upon the men they meet there, know that *ignorance* cannot absolve them from this. In the course of conversation a thousand opportunities will occur, for the manifestation of strong feeling, and that tone of thinking and acting which you require in men. Make use of them; tolerate no coarseness, nor half veiled allusions to unwelcome subjects; above all, no jest upon the frailty or the folly of your sex; let the good name of a sister be as dear to you as your own. These last are fitting matter of personal rebuke. The esteem in which he holds the purity of woman, is a fair test of a man's own purity. You remember, I dare say, the cool deliberation with which Byron planned and *accomplished* the ruin of one, unsullied in reputation, matchless in beauty, and recently a bride, led on as he declared by his "knowledge of the female heart." Oh, would to God it were a want of knowledge! at least, do all you can to make it so. Nor are your only occasions of influence such as I have pointed out. Great purity and simplicity of soul will impress itself upon your dress, your manner, and your whole personal carriage. See that it does so: be careful that no fashionable freedom of either, stimulate in those about you the passions from whose fury you are protected, but which will nevertheless be vented afterward, upon some other, less fortunate, but as God knows oftentimes more innocent, than yourself. Next in importance, comes a careful regard to the consequences of every action. Send no beggars from your door, however unworthy, hungry or cold. God gives *you* not your deservings. Be sure that you do not press a being to the brink of sin otherwise undreamed of. Give up your foolish pride in making bargains; seek not the washerwoman or the seamstress, whom

you can beat down in *soul* as well as prices, until you have determined to give her what her work is fairly worth. If your income be small, direct your economical propensity to your own dress, the indulgence of your palate, your many idle hours. Do not *overwork* and *underpay* those who serve you, even though their ignorance or fidelity give you the power. Above all, pay punctually for all service, especially such as is rendered by those not under your roof. You know not how often the degradation of a mother has been the result of your careless forgetfulness of her dues, or refusal of her entreaty for help to her starving little ones. You will find this out, if you conscientiously look in the right direction.

Above all, should it be your blessed lot to minister to a penitent, be careful that you minister strength and peace, and a higher life. Turn her not away from your door, in mistaken righteousness; you will not be sullied by printing a holy kiss upon her care-worn forehead. If you refuse her honest employment, she must go back to the life she loathes, for the instinct of self-preservation implanted by God affects her less through the soul than the body, and, profaned as she has already been, her whole nature will cry out for *life* rather than *holiness*.

An irrepressible sadness comes over me, as I close these pages. I think I hear many gentle voices exclaiming, how inadequate to the desired result are the modes of influence I have pointed out! But could we once see every woman who moves in what is called—for some reason quite difficult to ascertain—the respectable circle of society, actuated by a pure heart and deeply responsible insight, the contrary would soon be evident. If, however, I have brought the subject closer home to a single heart, the earnestness of my appeal has not been entirely thrown away.

C. W. H.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DISCOVERY OF LE VERRIER'S PLANET.

"Lo, where the secret depths of heaven unfold
The star man's *mental* vision sooner saw,
To vindicate the prescience that foretold,
And reconcile anomaly with law.

Thus, ne'er, within the shadows of our sphere,
O faith, the soul's astronomer, despond,
But, e'en through doubts and perturbations here,
Wisely anticipate the *world beyond!*"

JACOB'S VISION.

WEARY and faint, beneath a stately palm
The Patriarch sought repose. From early dawn,
Lonely and sad, he fled from Esau's wrath,
Urged by maternal love, whose ready will
Had turned a father's blessing,—prized above
All other gifts,—from him, the elder born,
And shower'd it on her favored son.

All day
He wandered on,—alone, in nature's wild
And beautiful domain; with pilgrim feet
He pressed the virgin earth, whose untill'd soil,
Rob'd in perennial green, and gemm'd with flowers,
Yielded a rich repast of golden fruit,
Various, and tempting to the eye and taste,
While the pure stream its rolling wave supplied,
To quench his noontide thirst.

No human voice broke on the silent air,
Nor human footstep crossed the desert way;
Fair was the scene, but o'er the unpeopled plain
The stillness of primeval nature reigned.
The startled deer lifted its timid eye,
And paused to gaze upon the stranger-man!
And the plumed warblers, in their airy flight,
Fanned with their glossy wings his saddened brow.

The weary day was closed;
The lingering sun sunk slowly to his rest,
Tinging with gorgeous hues the fleecy clouds
That tracked his downward path: each living sound
Was hushed, save the sweet nightingale, from out
Her leafy bower, sent forth a plaintive song,
Making the night more sad. The radiant stars
Shone forth,—a bright, mysterious host,—serene
In their lone watchings, o'er the slumb'ring world.

Lowly the Patriarch bowed,
Before his father's God; with grateful love
His evening prayer arose, pure from the altar
Of a contrite heart; then on his eyelids
Balmy slumber fell; the fragrant turf
His couch,—the mossy stones pillowed
His weary head.

He slept, the unbroken sleep of innocence
And youth. He, the lone houseless wanderer,
Alien from home and kindred, fleeing in fear
To Haran's fertile plains, where Laban fed
His flocks. Yet there, the watchful eye of God
Beheld,—His arm supported him. He slept,
But on his ravished senses dawned a vision
Of Almighty power and love. The unveiled
Heavens were spread above, and from the prostrate
Earth, a ladder, reaching to their wondrous
Height. And lo! celestial visitants
In glory clothed, with mercy beaming eyes,
And smiles of love, ascending and descending,
Fraught with messages of grace, to cheer
And bless mankind.

And God, the Holy One, revealed above,
Spake from the golden cloud no mortal eye
Could pierce. "I am the Lord thy God,—the God
Of Abraham, and thy father's God. Behold,
The land whereon thou liest, to thee I give it,
And to thy seed, whose countless number shall
Exceed the sands that pav'd broad ocean's shore.
Look now around thee—from the east and west,
North and benighted south,—this goodly land
Shall be thy children's heritage, and in thee,
And them, shall all the nations of the earth
Be blessed. And I, thy God, am with thee,
And my power shall guide, my love protect thee;
And I will bring thee to this land again
In peace, and leave thee not, till all thine ear
Hath heard shall be fulfilled."

The vision passed away,
But on the Patriarch's soul deep reverence fell;
The presence of unseen divinity
Encircled him, and filled with holy dread,
He cried, "Surely the Lord is here, to me
Unknown,—his holy temple this, and here
The gate of Heaven!"

Soon as the golden sun, with rainbow light,
Beamed in the orient sky, waking the lark
To tune her matin lay, and lead the song
Of praise,—Jacob arose, and setting high
The stone whereon his head had rested, o'er
Its top he poured a flood of oil,—deeming,

With simple faith,—yet dark and shadowy,—
By outward symbol to invoke the care
And favor of Almighty love.

And Jacob vowed a vow, and said,
"If God will be with me, and keep me safe,
Where'er I go,—will give me bread to eat,
And raiment to put on,—that to my house,—
My father's house, I come again in peace,—
Then shalt thou be my God, and on this stone
Which I have raised to thee, thy house shall stand,
And, of the substance thy rich bounty gives,
A tithe of all, I consecrate to thee!"

Thus, as the Patriarch's lonely prayer arose,
And answering blessings, robed in angel forms,
Came down, to cheer and guide him on his way ;—
So should the Christian pilgrim, passing on,
Along life's chequered path, a better land
To seek, send up the earnest prayer of faith,
Which, like the visioned ladder, lifts the soul
To heaven, and brings down ministering spirits,—
God's messengers of light,—their mission to
Fulfil. Perchance the loved and lost, before
Us passed to glory, with undying love
Encircle us, unseen, though ever near.

In the deep musings of our inmost heart,
We own their blessed power—waking deep springs
Of good resolve,—strengthening the wavering soul
In dark temptation's hour, and, on affection's
Troubled wave, shedding the heavenly light
Of love and hope divine.

Oh could we cast aside the veil, the thin
But darkened veil, that dims our mortal eyes,
What forms of light and beauty,—such as erst
In Eden's sinless bowers walked hand in hand
With man,—would meet our wandering gaze!

Death rends aside that veil ;—
But to the asking soul, that plumes her wing
To rise to holy themes, a foretaste oft
Is given of joys divine ; and while on earth,
The meek and pure in heart their God may see.

H. V. C.

THE rude make enemies of men ; the deceptive make angels weep.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL.

"A BRIEF survey of the operations of the Society during the past year, embraces, as has been seen, St. Louis, with destitute places in Missouri; Quincy, Geneva, and Galena, with destitute places in the state of Illinois; Milkwauckie, in Wisconsin, and destitute places in Michigan; the Isle of Shoals, with provisions for its school and church; the Indians of Marshpee, with those also of Herring Pond; the Cherokee Indians, with their female seminary at Dwight; the Ojibway Indians, near Lake Superior; the Oneida Indians, at Green Bay; and lastly, the support and education of two Indian youths, in the Seminary in Albion, Michigan.

From a comparison of the missionary efforts of the Society during the present with those of past years, it will appear that at no former period has it embraced so wide or varied a field of action as during the year last past, more particularly in its endeavors for the benefit of the Indian race. A sum nearly double the amount of the income of the Alford Fund, which was specially devoted to them, has been employed for this object; and though the experience of this Society, from its institution to the present hour, and, as we must fear, the whole history of missionary effort for this unfortunate race, cannot justify any sanguine expectations, yet is it a source of satisfaction to your Committee, that, by such efforts, we are at least endeavoring to fulfil one of the primary designs of this Society itself; and to carry out, as far as their best judgment and the favor of Divine Providence permit, the benevolent purposes of one of its earliest and most liberal benefactors. Having sought, according to the means entrusted to us, to reclaim the wanderer, to 'hide the outcasts, and to be a covert to them from the spoiler;' having endeavored to make them partakers with ourselves of the blessings of civilized life, and still more, of the inestimable benefits of the Christian faith, we must acquiesce in the little portion of success that seems to be accorded; reposing with a boundless trust in the manifold wisdom and impartial love of our Heavenly Father, who, having so loved the world as to send his Son to save it, will not permit his gracious purposes to fail, but by methods, perhaps not understood of men, will establish his own kingdom of righteousness and salvation in the earth.

From the grateful reception of our missionaries to the West, and by incidental evidence from time to time received from individuals, who either partake or hear of the benefit of their ministries, we derive the utmost occasion for encouragement to our own purposes, and for many thanksgivings to God.

Which is respectfully presented.

For the Committee.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, *Secretary.*"

Boston, Nov. 5, 1846.

INTELLIGENCE.

INSTALLATION AT STANDISH, ME.—Rev. Edwin J. Gerry was installed at Standish, Me., September 23, 1846. Rev. Mr. Miles of Lowell preached the Sermon; Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, Me., offered the Installing Prayer; Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Topsham, Me., delivered the Charge; Rev. Mr. Cutler of Portland extended the Right Hand of Fellowship; Rev. Mr. Nichols of Saco, Me., addressed the Society; and the other services were performed by Rev. Mr. Tenney of Kennebunk, Me., and Rev. Mr. Niles of Lowell.

ORDINATION AT STERLING, MASS.—On Wednesday, November 18, 1846, Mr. Thomas Prentiss Allen of the class lately graduated from the Cambridge Theological School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Sterling. The Introductory Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Winkley of Boston; Selections from the Scripture were read by Rev. Mr. Withington of Leominster; the Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; the Prayer of Ordination was by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; the Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Allen of Jamaica Plain; the Charge, by Rev. Mr. Allen of Northborough; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; the Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth.

Three original hymns were sung. The day was fine, and the assembly large and attentive. The sermon was from the text, Luke iv. 16: "And he came to Nazareth where he had been brought up: and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." Subject—The Sabbath, the Sanctuary, and the Bible.

A religious service was held in the evening, and a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston.

NEW SOCIETY OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANS IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.—This Society, composed partly of the members of the hitherto existing Unitarian Society in Cambridgeport, and partly of other persons, and under the ministry of Rev. A. B. Muzzey, hold their services of worship at present in the Lyceum Hall. On Saturday, November 7, the corner-stone of a new church was laid, on Lee Street, with appropriate ceremonies. The edifice is to be erected immediately, and completed, it is hoped, at an early day. The old Society is

in a prosperous condition, and will doubtless continue so, and be increased, under the ministry of Rev. J. F. W. Ware, recently of Fall River, who has accepted an invitation to become their Pastor.

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN CHARLESTOWN.—Through the efforts of the Unitarian Society under the charge of Rev. G. E. Ellis, in Charlestown, a Ministry at Large has been established in that place. The services of Rev. N. S. Folsom, recently of Haverhill, have been obtained, and he has already entered on the duties of his office. We understand that his reception is of a very encouraging character.

NEW UNITARIAN NEWSPAPER.—"The Christian Inquirer" is the title of a weekly paper just established in New York city, devoted to the explanation and defence of Liberal Christianity. The numbers issued thus far are marked by freshness and ability, and the journal ought to establish a wide and efficient influence throughout the country. The literary department is conducted by Mrs. Kirkland, formerly Mrs. Clavers, well known for her successful authorship, and especially for her entertaining descriptions of western life. Her husband, Mr. William Kirkland, whose life was lost in so painful a manner on the North River, a few weeks since, was to have been associated in the management of the Inquirer. The enterprise cannot fail.

LIBERAL IRISH PROTESTANT SOCIETY.—A new religious society was organized recently in Boston, under the style of "The First Independent Irish Protestant Church and Society." The meetings of this body were held first in a hall in Purchase Street; but a rapid and unexpected increase of numbers has obliged them to remove to a larger place of worship, in Chapman Place. The society has been gathered lately, by Rev. Mr. Fisher, of the Synod of Ulster, Ireland. He seems to be very sincerely devoted to his work, and has the faculty of working with success. There are said to be, in the immediate vicinity, some two thousand Protestant Irish adults.

ANNUAL REGISTER.—The second number of this excellent work, that for 1847, has already appeared, and brings us, besides an Almanac and a variety of other interesting matter, important Statistics relating to the Unitarian denomination. It is an improvement on the number for 1846. Crosby & Nichols are the publishers.

INDEX.

MISCELLANY.

- A Case of Church Discipline in Boston, two hundred years ago, 75.
- A Case of Conscience, 58, 157.
- A Chapter on Trifles, 33.
- A Drunkard's Dream, 339.
- An Incident in the Early Church History of New England, 459.
- Anniversary Week of 1846, 289.
- A Parable and a Fact, 224.
- A Sunday School Lesson, 35.
- A Vision and Its Influence, 450.
- Birth Day Examinations, 252.
- Book of Jonah, 303.
- Calvin's Career at Geneva, 15.
- Character and Death of Charles Emerson, 113.
- Church Edifices, 397.
- Christmas, Religious Observance of, 40.
- Christ Preaching to the Spirits in Prison, 360.
- Daybreak, 26.
- Dewey's Volume on Unitarianism, 427.
- Early Death, 347.
- Early Moravian Missionaries, 105.
- Editor's Collectanea, 186, 229, 375.
- Editor to the Reader, 1.
- Edward's Cap and Edward's Grandfather; or, Playground Peace and Peace of Nations, 506.
- English Unitarianism and Presbyterianism, 372.
- Eveline, 558.
- Every Man may have a Genius for Holiness, 343.
- Extract from the Report of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, 574.
- Extracts, 521.
- Familiarity with Nature, 358.
- Family Festivals, 211.
- Fear of Death, 337.
- Feast Days and Fast Days, 324.
- Flowers in the Sanctuary, 486.
- Greatness in Obscurity, 134.
- Greenwood's Miscellanies, 520.
- Impressions of American Scenery, 299.
- Jedediah Burchard, 277.
- Lessons for Faith in a Journey, 433.
- Letter on Peace, 166.
- Letter on the Religious Condition of Slaves, 206.
- Love of Nature in Education, 544.
- Luther and Calvin, 219.
- Meditations and Prayers, 416.
- Memoir of Henry Ware, Jr., 5.
- Memorial of a Christian Woman, 184.
- Mission of Jesus, 210.
- Moral Energy of Woman, 117.
- Nature, Religious Influence of, 367.
- Nature Symbolical, 310.
- Nature—The Seasons, 217.
- Niagara and the White Hills, 297.
- Oath of Secrecy of the Jesuits, 227.
- Parable of the Great Supper, 89.
- Philanthropic Heroism, 153.
- Politics and the Pulpit, 409.
- Popular Ignorance and Teachers for the West, 181.
- Present Condition of the Religious World, 529.

- Reasons for being a Sunday School Teacher, 120.
 Record of an Aged Christian's Death, 155.
 Religious Aspect of the Times, 97, 145.
 Search the Scriptures, 274.
 Summer Ended, 495.
 Summer Life at Newport, 489.
 Temperance, 261.
 The Cbequered "Fourth," 452.
 "The Chimes," 320.
 The Church, 257.
 The Controversy between the Northern and Southern Theologians on the Bible View of Slavery, 385.
 The First Called, 535.
 The Gifted in Prayer, 439.
 The Great Conflict of the Day, 465.
 The Infinite Endeavor of the Christian, 71.
 The Lesson Taught in the Parable of the Good Samaritan, 539.
 The Memory of "All Saints," 481.
 The School and the Church, 49.
 The Sisters, 202.
 The Spirit of the Hour, 462.
 Thoughts on Expediency, 500.
 Thy Sister, 565.
 Tracts, 56.
 Whence comes the Cheerful Spirit? 363.
 Words to Children about "The L Prayer," 267.

SERMONS.

- A Plea in Defence of the Christian Church. By Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, 402.
 Jesus Christ, the Resurrection and the Life. By Rev. W. H. Furness, 193.
 Law. By Rev. Thomas Hill, 443.
 New Year's Sermom. From the German, 27.
 Our Duties to the Poor. By Rev. C. A. Farley, 125.
 Pauperism. By Rev. E. Peabody, 241.
 Protestantism and Romanism. By Rev. G. W. Hosmer, 171.
 Sins Retained. By Rev. E. E. Hale, 514.
 The Dead yet speaketh to the Living. By Rev. T. B. Fox, 351.
 The Early New-England Home. By Rev. F. A. Whitney, 550.
 The Prodigal's Return. By Rev. John Weiss, 314.
 Transcendentalism. By Rev. G. W. Burnap, 66.

POETRY.

- A Prayer, 426.
 Death and the Resurrection, 302.
 Elegiac Lines, 124.
 "Go work in my Vineyard," 474.
 Heart Music, 557.
 Hymn, 228.
 Hope, 32.
 Jacob's Vision, 571.
 Lines suggested by the Discovery of Le Verrier's Planet, 570.
 Lines to the Memory of Mrs. Caroline T., 180.
 Longing, 133.
 Lord Herbert's Vision, 209.
 Night, 223.
 Night's Sorrow and Morning's Joy, 401.
 New Year's Greeting, 87.
 Onward, 371.
 Psalm of the Poor and Lonely, 505.
 Stanzas, 154.
 Stanzas, 473.
 Summer, 266.
 The Eagle, 415.
 The Good Samaritan, 276.
 The Halcyon, 255.
 "The Lord is his Refuge," 358.
 The Moslem's Rebuke, 111.
 The Pattern in the Mount, 25.
 The Soul's Account, 278.
 The Spring-time will Return, 538.
 Thoughts after Hearing Music, 74.
 To a Little Child, 165.
 Toil on, 65.
 Turn to thy Maker, 564.
 Upon completing my Thirtieth Year, 374.
 Work for the Faith, 39.

INTELLIGENCE.

- Anniversaries in Boston for 1846, 282—288, 329—334.
 Annual Register, 576.
 Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston, 239, 430.
 Buying a Minister, 480.
 Church of the Saviour at Boston, 329.
 Convention of Unitarians at Philadelphia, 523.
 Episcopacy at Oxford and in Massachusetts, 46.
 Evangelical Alliance, 477.
 Foreign, 191, 332, 381, 431, 475, 527.
 Fraternity of Churches in Salem and Vicinity, 144.
 German Reformation, 478.
 Inauguration of Hon. Edward Everett, LL. D., as President of Harvard University, 280.
 Items, 47, 144, 240, 384, 430.
 Levee at Faneuil Hall, for the Meadville Theological School, 239.
 Liberal Irish Protestant Society, 576.
 Licensing Theatres, 480.
 Meadville Theological School, 380.
 Ministry at Large in Charlestown, 576.
 New Society of Liberal Christians at Cambridgeport, 575.
 New Unitarian Newspaper, 576.
 Periodicals, Unitarian, in Boston, 45.
 Pope's Care for Oregon, 527.
 Society of Rev. Theodore Parker at the Melodeon, 96.
 Unitarian Association organized in the State of New York, 281.
 Visitation of the Cambridge Divinity School for 1846, 374.
 War with Mexico, 523.

ORDINATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.

- Rev. Thomas Prentiss Allen—Sterling, Mass., 575.
 Rev. Frank P. Appleton—Danvers, Mass., 141.
 Rev. W. G. Babcock—Minister at Large, Providence, R. I., 237.
 Rev. Reuben Bates—Stow, Mass., 379.
 Rev. John N. Bellows—Framingham, Mass., 237.
 Rev. Henry F. Bond—Barre, Mass., 94.
 Rev. A. M. Bridge—Bernardston, Mass., 189.
 Rev. Rufus P. Cutler—Portland, Me., 190.
 Rev. Paul Dean—Easton, Mass., 93.
 Rev. David Fosdick—Hollis Street, Boston, Mass., 190.
 Rev. Edwin J. Gerry, Standish, Me., 575.
 Rev. William H. Hadley—Evangelist, Boston, Mass., 475.
 Rev. E. E. Hale—Worcester, Mass., 279.
 Rev. Joseph Harrington—Hartford, Ct., 238.
 Rev. Thomas Hill—Waltham, Mass., 93.
 Rev. W. P. Huntington—Ashby, Mass., 95.
 Rev. S. H. Lloyd—Hubbardston, Mass., 142.
 Rev. J. F. Moors—Deerfield, Mass., 141.
 Rev. J. H. Morison—Milton, Mass., 141.
 Rev. M. A. H. Niles—Lowell, Mass., 237.
 Rev. Ephraim Peabody—Stone Chapel, Boston, Mass., 94.
 Rev. James Richardson—Southington, Ct., 329.
 Rev. John T. Sargent—Somerville, Mass., 142.
 Rev. Thomas T. Stone—Salem, Mass., 379.
 Rev. Moses G. Thomas—South Boston, Mass., 279.
 Rev. Samuel H. Winkley—Minister at Large, Boston, Mass., 523.

DEDICATIONS.

Bridgewater, Mass., 43.

Easton, Mass., 95.

Hartford, Ct., 238.

Providence, R. I., 237.

Rowe, Mass., 142.

Roxbury, Mass., 429.

Salem, Mass., 96.

Troy, N. Y., 44.

Worcester, Mass., 279.

